Excursions. Elinor *is rescued by* Iohn, *and* Arthur *is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound victory.*

Enter Iohn, Elinor, *and* Arthur *prisoner*, Bastard, Pembrooke, Salisbury, *and* Hubert de Burgh.

Iohn, Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou seest, France cannot bolster thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
Into the guardance of thine Vncle *Iohn*,
Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.
Arthur. Vncle, my grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuail'd, not right, for I am King
Of England, though thou weare the Diademe.
Q. Elin. Sonne *Iohn*, soone shall we teach him to forget
These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.
Ioh. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liu'd not to remember it.
But leaning this, we will to England now,
And take some order with our Popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the Abbeis, Cloysters, Priories,
Conuert their coyne vnto my souldiers vse:
And whatsoere he be within my Land,
That goes to Rome for iustice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudg'd a traitor to the State,
And suffer as an enemy to England.
Mother, we leaue you here beyond the Seas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in France,
While we to England take a speedy course,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,

Be

Be he thy Prisoner: *Hubert* keepe him
For on his life doth hang thy Soueras
But in his death consists thy Soueraig
Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly hearst fr
So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in cha
Hubert. Frolicke young Prince thou
Yet shall your keeper liue at your co
Arth. As please my God, so shall b
Q. Elian. My sonne to England I w
And pray to God to send thee safe ash
Bast. Now warres are done I long
To dine into the Monks and Abbots
To make some sport among the smoot
And keepe some reuell with the fanze
Iohn. To England Lords, each look
And arme your selues against the Rom

Enter the King of France, Lewis *h*
dinall Pandolph *Legate, and* C

Philip. What, euery man attacht wit
Why frowne you so, why droope ye L
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike mi
To lowre it for a checke or two of Cha
Had *Lymoges* escapt the Bastards spight
A little sorrow might haue seru'd our lo
Braue *Austria*, heauen ioyes to haue th
Card. His soule is safe and free from
Our holy Father hath dispenst his sinne
The blessed Saints haue heard our Orit
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warr
His Holinesse free pardon doth pronou
To all that follow you gainst English H
Who stand accursed in our mother Chu

Enter Constance *alone.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)